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The Millheim Journal.

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The Week Before Christmas.

'Tis the week before Christmas.
And all in the house
Are plotting and planning
As sly as a mouse.

Strange bundles are smuggled
Inside, unaware,
And hidden away with
The greatest of care.

The children with secrets
They're burning to tell,
And in an excitement
That nothing can quell,

Are hourly asking
How many more days
Before it is Christmas,
With cheeks all ablaze.

The old folks, as eager,
The fever have caught,
And crowd in the places
Where presents are bought.

To them Merry Christmas
Is sweeter we know,
Than when their own stockings
Were filled long ago.

'Way up from the kitchen
Spiced odors arise
Of genuine, home-made,
Delicious mince-pies,

Just stuffed full of raisins
As big and as round
As little Jack Horner
So happily found.

The long winter nights
All much longer appear,
For who can sleep soundly
With Christmas so near.

And now, for the stockings!
No tot's tiny hose
Can hold half of the treasures
Kriss Kringle bestows;

So mamma's great big ones
Are got with delight,
All ready to hang up
On Santa Claus' night.

Now, Christmas is near! and
St. Nick in his sleigh,
Behind his swift reindeers,
Is flying this way.

He's now on the snow-clouds,
He'll be at your gate;
Prepare for his coming—
There's no time to wait.

TED'S CHRISTMAS.

A Good Story For Some Parents to Read.

THEY'RE going to have a Christmas tree, an' nuts an' candy, and *ice cream!*" and little Nan's eyes stuck out with the delights of imagination.

"My! Won't that be jolly?" Ted was the next speaker, and in the excitement of the moment he forgot himself so far as to emit a small, faint whistle.

"Stop that noise over there," said a stern voice, the owner of which looked out from behind the folds of the evening paper with a frown. Joseph Rexford was homely enough, taken at his best, but with an ugly frown added, he was terrific, though probably not aware of it, for people seldom get before a glass to make up ugly faces.

"They were only talking a little about Christmas," said Mrs. Rexford, timidly; the wives of such men are invariably timid, or else, in very bravado of despair, intolerable scolds, and Mrs. Rexford could never be that.

She would have been the sunniest and sweetest of little women, had she not been clapped under a bushel by Joseph Rexford at a very early stage in their married life, and, as might be supposed she was pretty nearly extinguished by this time.

"Christmas!" he growled contemptuously. "All nonsense and folly, they'd better be tendin' to their rethmetic or a shellin' them seeds. I had to work evenin's when I was their age, an' had'nt no time to be hatchin' up foolery."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," gently remonstrated the wife. "They're not too old to enjoy a little recreation, Joseph, and I wish we could give them a little Christmas treat." She wondered at her own boldness, for she did not often venture within reach of the lion's claws, or, in other words, her husband's displeasure.

He looked at her in astonishment; he supposed he had her subdued, and the idea that she would propose anything that he had just put his foot on as "foolery," shocked him.

"Mrs. Rexford," and his voice was a bit of condensed harshness, "I thought you knew my mind on sech triflin' years ago, and I want you to understand once and for all, I won't have it," and the big foot came down on the uncarpeted floor with a snap. "And you young ones, stop your snivelin' over there, or I'll give you something to snivel about," and the mighty potentate glared over in the corner where little Nan was struggling with a sob of mingled terror and disappointment, for at her mother's kind words it seemed so easy to have just a little bit of Christmas, at least.

"Darn him" whispered Ted, clinching his fists, and shaking them at the household monarch, who had again wrapped himself in his newspaper. "I'll run away, see if I don't, an' I'll have a Christmas tree every day when I get big."

His jacket would have needed no further dusting for months to come, if the parent could have seen the belligerent action, but, fortunately, the paper was not transparent, and Mr. Rexford was deep in an article on the Irish question.

He looked up presently; he had the complacent feelings of the bulldog, who comes up uppermost in the fight, and could look upon his vanquished subjects with amiable condescension. "I guess those Britishers 'll find they can't always abuse them poor Irishers," he said. "They'll find out sooner or later, that it don't pay to aller play the tyrant."

Mrs. Rexford received the information with a proper degree of humility, and only a subdued "hm-m-m," escaped her lips, but she thought to herself that it would not be necessary to cross the ocean to find a tyrant, if one were urgently needed and wondered rebelliously if it was always going to pay him to assume the character he so deprecated to his British neighbors.

Bedtime came, and Ted and Nan, with little Jane, crept off toward their beds. No cheerful, "good-night' papa," with the kiss which sweetens slumber, and ushers the children into a happy dreamland. Mr. Rexford's soul would have recoiled at such sentimental doings, children being in his eyes neccessary evils, from which to extract the greatest amount of work with the least amount of love and money.

The mother rose, lamp in hand, and followed them softly; she helped them undress with soft, gentle touches, and then drew them to her side for their evening prayer. Little Nan, ten years of age, was just at the point of tears, and when she came to the phrase in her simple prayer: "God bless papa and mama," her voice broke into a muffled sob. It was so hard to pray for the father, who apparantly loved them so little.

"Hush, darling," said Mrs. Rexford, almost in tears herself, as she drew the quivering little form to her heart; perhaps mama will find a way yet."

Ted was thirteen, and in his rebellious feelings ommitted the customary phrase from his prayer entirely. "The mean old thing," he muttered angrily. "I'd like to lick him."

"Hush, dears," she said, gently, "father doesn't mean to be unkind."

"What does he do it for, then?" demanded the boy, and the mother's lips were shut, for she had no adequate reply for such a pertinent question.

All this was done in whispers, and a familiar voice broke in upon the conversation at this juncture: "Going to stay in there all night Jane?" And hastily tucking them into their beds, with loving kisses on the little grieved lips, she left them hurriedly to the gentle comforter, sleep, which seldom refuses to come to healthy childhood.

This was two weeks before Christmas and a week went by, and Mrs. Rexford saw no possible way to fulfill the hope she had cherished of making it a pleasant day for the children. She could get up a good dinner. Mr. Rexford was fond of a good dinners himself, but with his stern face at the table, the children would be obliged to sit like dummies, and eat in sepulchral silence for the father was a firm believer in the doctrine that 'children should be seen, not heard," and allowed no frivolous chattering at meal-time.

She had been putting away surreptitious balls of butter and dozens of eggs, in the hope of being able to smuggle a few little trifles quietly into their stockings, but her heart was heavy with a sense of her inability to make the holiday such a one as she would like.

"Jane," said Mr. Rexford, coming in from the village with an envelope in his hand, "I don't know what ever you'll do, but I'll have to leave ye for a while.

"What is it, Mr. Rexford?" she asked in surprise; it was very seldom either duty or pleasure took him from home.

"Why John's dead, an' they telegraphed me to come and 'tend the funeral, an' I s'pose it's my dooty to go."

"Of course it is, Joseph," replied the wife, "and I'll get along all right. Billy Grant will come over and do the chores."

John was Mr. Rexford's brother, another branch of the Rexford family tree, which, though not as gnarled and knotty as Joseph himself, still bore enough resemblance to prove their relationship beyond a doubt.

There has been as much of a repressed and undemonstrative affection between them as could be expected, and this combined with a sense of duty procured his absence from home at this opportune moment for the children.

Such an event had only occurred once or twice in their life time before; oases in the dreary desert of their experience, which were looked back with delight.

"How long shall you be gone, Mr. Rexford?" asked the wife. She could not mourn for the brother-in-law whom she had never seen but once, and whose attitude then had not been such as to inspire affection, and a faint hope was springing up in her heart that for once the children could have a holiday worthy of the name.

"Ten days anyhow, mebbe two weeks," he answered. "The widder'll expect me to settle up his affairs more or less."

Ted looked at Nan with a grimance of unutterable delight; if the father had seen it, it is doubtful whether duty even could have urged him from home, certainly not without administering a spanking all around.

"Get my things ready as soon as you can," he resumed, "for I want to catch the three o'clock train, sure, and you, Ted, get the hoss harnessed so'st to take me to the depot."

"Yess'r," replied Ted; no danger but that Ted would do his share, and be on time too.

Nan was on hand, like a Jack-in-the-box, to spring at every call, and bring the soap and the towel, the blacking-brush and whisk broom, for Joseph Rexford loved to be waited on, and his toilet for a journey long or short, was the signal for a series of gymnastics participated in by the whole family.

Half-past two came, and Doll was at the door, and Ted, with a very unbecoming shade of happiness on his countenance, held the reins.

"You'll want some money, I s'pose?" said Mr. Rexford, graciously, for him, as he drew on his overcoat. "There's five dollars," and he passed the precious morsel out from a roll of greenbacks, gingerly; he was not a poor man by any means, and could have given her twenty-five just as easily.

"Yes, Joseph," she replied meekly, as she tucked away the bill; she did not intend he should ever see it again, or an exhaustive report of the uses made of it, either.

"Wall, good-bye, Jane," (he drew on his gloves) "don't let the young ones run over you while I'm gone."

"No, Joseph," she replied demurely, with an inward smile.

He went out; there was no silly demonstration of affection at parting. A kiss from those stern lips would have been an astonishment that the family would not have recovered from in a week, and, getting into the waiting sleigh, Old Doll moved away.

Nan turned a somersault; she was a fine, loving child, and would have been as happy as a lark, under favorable circumstances

"Oh, goody, goody, goody!" she exclaimed, in a glad soliloquy.

"Hush, Nannie," said the mother reprovingly, though in her secret heart she could not blame the child for the ebullition.

Ted returned in due time, and the departure was an assured thing, and the boy already held up his head with an accession of self-respect, as he took his place as man of the house. One week was only a short time to plan in, but judicious effort can accomplish much in even a week's time, and Mrs. Rexford's plans were chiefly in the line of a merry-making, such a one as they had never been allowed to have.

Her first move was a letter to a sister living twenty miles away, with an invitation to spend Christmas at her home.

A visit from Aunt Nan was a rare treat to the children at any time, one which they rarely enjoyed, however, for Aunt Nan and Joseph Rexford were not congenial spirits, she not being able to bottle up her indignant wrath when he exercised his peculiar gift of government in her presence; he not relishing her "meddlin'," as he designated her rather free use of her tongue on occasions, and so she wisely concluded that it was best to see as little of the domestic economy as possible, and kept away, to Mrs. Rexford's mingled grief and relief.

Teddy's heart, in the meantime, was filled with a great longing; he wanted to make the patient little mother, whom he loved with a tender, chivalrous devotion, a Christmas present.

In the thirteen years of his life he had no remembrance of her receiving a Christmas gift, and he was in a brown study the greater part of his time, planning and contriving some way to surprise her with a present, but as yet no way had opened.

"Harness Doll, Teddy, and we'll go to the village to-day," said the mother one morning. Teddy smiled knowingly as he hurried away to obey her request, and in a short time they were on their way. "Now you mustn't follow me around," she said with a smile, as they neared the village; Ted answered her with a knowing, yet longing look. He wanted to ask her for a bit of spending money for himself, yet fearing she would suspect, and knowing that she had little with which to carry out her own plans, he wisely forebode.

"I am going to the station to meet the ten o'clock train, Teddy," she said, as he was hitching Doll "and you may meet me there with the sleigh."

"Father isn't coming home, ishe?" said Ted, in consternation.

"No, dear," replied the mother, laughing at his alarm, "but I think there will be somebody there, and she darted into a dry-goods store, without explaining the mystery.

Ted went into another store to get warm and then amused himself wandering up and down the street, looking into the shop windows which were gay with Christmas goods, and think what he would buy if he had the means.

He spent fully twenty five dollars in this imaginary way, when he observed a stranger come out from one of the stores, and walk away briskly.

He had a pleasant face, and stepped off with the assured air of one who is accustomed to having the good things of this life.

It was a warm sunny day, and his heavy overcoat was thrown jauntly open, and, as he passed up the street he drew his handkerchief from an inside pocket, and blew his nose with a sonorous blast.

Ted was watching all this with interest, for the man's pleasant face had pleased his childish fancy, and as the handkerchief came out the boy saw another object fly out also and lodge in the dirty snow of the gutter, while the gentleman walked quickly on, quite unaware of his loss.

Ted's first thought was that it was only a piece of paper, and it did not occur to him to investigate the matter, but a second thought sent him flying to the spot, where, after some little search, he found a small package wrapped in white paper and decorated with an express label; there was evidently a small box within, and Ted ran as fast as his legs would carry him to restore it to the owner.

That jaunty gentleman was just getting into a handsome sleigh as Ted turned the corner, and away he went.

"Mister, mister," screamed Ted at the top of his voice, which the bells drowned, and then began a race—Ted running for dear life, the horses trotting along with no idea that they were pursued.

The boy's legs did him good service, however, and at last he succeeded in attracting the attention of the driver. "What's this my lad?" he said kindly. "Want a ride?"

"N-n-no," panted Teddy, all out of breath "but you lost this sir, and I picked it up," and he held up the package.

"Well, well, did I ever," said the gentleman, hastily feeling in his pocket. "What a careless trick. And so you've pretty near run your legs off to catch me, eh!"

"I guess they're all whole yet, sir," replied Ted, with a smile, and yet puffing with the race.

He handed over the box, while the stranger took out a fat pocket book. "Christmas is coming, my boy, and may be you'll like an extra bit of surprise money," he said, good-naturedly, as he handed out a five dollar bill to the astonished child.

"Oh, sir, that's too much," and Ted offered it back, quite overwhelmed by such munificence.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the gentleman, "that box contains a watch worth two hundred dollars, by the time I had advertised it and paid a reward, it would have cost me double the amount besides the chances of my finding it again; so on the whole, I think I am rewarding you very moderately," and he buttoned his overcoat over box and pocket-book resolutely, and prepared to drive on.

A whole arena of Christmas presents danced through Ted's happy brain, as he thanked the generous gestleman for his gift, and they parted with mutual good feelings.

"If I had such a father as that," soliloquized the child, "what a good boy I'd be."

"If I had an honest, bright-faced boy like that," said the gentleman, "what a happy father I'd be."

Ted had never before kept a secret from his mother, and it was the hardest work to keep from telling his adventure, but secrets were flying in the air apparently and he held on to his with true Christmas tenacity.

He had suspected by this time who was coming on the train, and he was on time at the station with Doll; he also wisely concluded to wait a bit for her advice and assistance before spending his wealth.

Aunt Nan stepped off the train when it came in, looking rosier and jollier than ever, Ted thought, as she hugged him up close to her warm furs, and she had the fattest satchel and the heaviest basket he had ever lifted.

There was a perfect jubilee of welcome when the party reached home, and Aunt Nan took her namesake and little Jane into her warm embrace, to their complete surprise, for they had never dreamed of such a happy arrival. "The little dears," said Aunt Nan, as she and Mrs. Rexford made several mysterious trips to the barn returning with contraband bundles under their aprons, "they shall have one Christmas, if they never do another."

Such a merry-making the Rexford house had never witnessed before. Billy Grant had good-naturedly consented to go to the woods and cut a small evergreen, which was conveyed to the parlor secretly, and if it was not as brilliantly lighted and trimmed as it might have been, it was a wonderful tree, nevertheless hung with popcorn, apples and oranges and gifts, until the children were nearly wild with delight when they saw it.

A long pail, full of some mysterious compound, had been sitting in a tub in the woodshed carelessly covered over with a piece of carpet, and this was found to contain ice-cream, and after all the other things had been distributed, it came in, piled up in delicious masses of frozen sweetness, on Mrs. Rexford's best china saucers, together with the angels' food which Aunt Nan had baked that day.

Mrs. Rexford actually cried with surprised delight when Ted gave her a lovely plush work-box, the first gift he had ever been able to make her, and told his story of the kind gentleman and his gold watch. Poor thing! She had enjoyed little of merriment or gift-making since her marriage, and she enjoyed this, as only a kindly, cheerful heart, cramped into space far too small for it, can enjoy liberty and love freely expressed.

"Mother," said Ted, when at a late hour, Mrs. Rexford gathered her little flock together for their evening prayers, "it always seemed when I said 'Our Heavenly Father,' as if He was stern and cross just like father, but I think He must be good or He wouldn't a let us had such a lovely Christmas."

"Teddy, poor child," said Aunt Nan, and her kindly bright eyes were full of tears, "whatever comes dear boy, don't forget that whatever your earthly father may be your Heavenly Father is all tenderness and love toward you."

Before Mr. Rexford's return, all traces of the festivities were removed; he seemed quite softened by the scenes through which he had passed, and if he noticed any superfluous articles about the house and suspected their source, he said nothing, and the children never forgot their one "Merry Christmas." MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

Bill Nye's Useful Suggestions.

I take the liberty once more of replying to a few queries through your valuable columns, says Bill Nye, in the New York *Evening World*.

Literateur, Vt.—No; skimmygillions is not a proper word to use at the table. I do not know what it means, but it will be better to use some other word in the place of it. Many other words are equally resonant and opaque without giving offense.

Veritas.—Rub the gummy side of postage stamps on your hair a few times and it will prevent their sticking together in your pocket or purse. There is just oil enough in the hair to coat over the adhesive properties of the stamps and prevent their adhesion. A friend of mine who has hair tells me that this is the case.

Simmons, Philadelphia.—Yes, if you are the sternographer of a prominent man, and act as his private secretary, you are perfectly correct in signing your employer's name, "per Simmons." It is not only etiquette, but it is euphonious.

Lalla Rookh, Tampa, Fla., writes to know what he "should do to become a fluent writer and correspondent?"

To become a fluent writer there is no better method, perhaps, than to hold the pen lightly between the thumb and forefinger, allowing it to rest on the first joint of the middle or large finger. Let the arm rest easily on the fleshy portion of the forearm, with the penholder pointing about due west. Sit erect, think a few thoughts, then clothe them in such language as you feel that in your circumstances you can afford. In clothing a thought, do not put so much expense upon one particular garment that the idea will have to go before the public in its shirt sleeves. In other words, make your clothing business harmonious and consistent.

'WITNESS,' said a lawyer, in the police court the other day, 'you speak of Mr. being well off. Is he worth $5,000?'

'No, sah.

'Two thousand?'

'No, sah; hain't worf $25.'

'Then how is he well off?'

'Got a wife who s'ports de hull fam'ly sah.'

MILE-STONES.

Events That Mark the Beginning of Epochs in the World's History-Christmas-Its Origin and Associations.

Old Father Time has got his mile-stones. The first one of which we have any account is the seventh day—the Sabbath, and that came down to us from Mount Sinai. The Jews had another one—the seventh year, a year of feast for the land, in which they were forbidden to plow or to hoe, to reap or to sow. And there was another, called the year of jubilee—the fifteenth year in which the slaves were set free and the lands were restored to those who had sold them. We hear now of leases for ninetynine years, but with the Jews all sales or leases expired the forty-nineth, or year of jubilee. There was great rejoicing when the time came for the children or the grandchildren to get back the old homestead of their ancestors.

But the most popular and important of all mile-stones is the anniversary of the birth of Christ. It is very common every where to celebrate birthdays. Americans make a big fuss over Washington's birthday because he is called the Father of His Country. Most every family makes a little fuss over the birthday of the parents or children. They don't toot horns or pop firecrackers, but they have an extra good dinner and fix up some little present as a pleasant surprise. The 4th of July was the birth of a nation and so the nation always celebarted that day. But Christmas belongs to all civilized countries. It is a blessed heritage and belongs to all alike—the rich and the poor, the bon and the free, the King and his subject.

Christians began to observe Christmas about fifteen hundred years ago. In course of time the young people rather lost sight of the sacredness of the day and made it a day of feasting and frolic. They sang songs because it was that the shepherds sang songs at Bethlehem. They made presents to one another because the wise men from the East brought presents to the young child and its mother.

The Roman Catholic church has observed this celebration for centuries and the church of England took them and so did the Protestants of Germany and other countries. In a great printing of the Nativity, by Raphael, there is seen a Shepherd at the door playing a bagpipe. The Tyrolese who live on the mountain slopes of Italy come down to the valleys on Christmas eve. They come caroling sweet songs and playing on musical instruments. There used to be many curious superstitions about Christmas. It is beleived that an ox and an ass that were near when the Saviour was born bent their knee in devotion, and so the people believed that all the domestic animals went to prayer on Christmas night. They believed that when the rooster crowed for midnight all the wizzards and witches and hobgoblins and evil spirits fled away from the habitation of man and hid in hollow trees and caves and deserted houses for twelve days.

Mr. Carlyle said that every nation should have a hero and should worship him—not as a God or in place of the true God, but the next thing to it. He says it cements the people together and makes them proud of their country and content with their government. This hero may be real or imaginary, but the people must believe that he fought for them or died for them or was the founder of their institutions or their religion. The ancient Norsemen had Odin and Thor for their heroes. The Persians had their genii and their fairies; the Hindoos their rakshar; the Greeks and Romans their wonderful gods and goddesses such as Jupiter and Luna and Hercules and Vulcan and Neptune. The more enlightened a people becomes, the more sublime are their superstitions. The uncivilized Indians are mystified, and can only "see God in clouds and hear him in the winds." The native Africans have crocodiles and serpents and owls for their gods. Some of them of a higher grade set their faith in foxes and rabbits and jaybirds. Down South the good negroes used to tell the white children stories at night about the tar baby, and the bear and the bee tree, and foxes and wolves, but the bad negroes told us about witches and ghosts and Jack o'latteons and rawhead and bloody bones, and we would listen until we didn't dare to look round, and we wouldn't have gone from their cabins to the "big house" alone for a world full of gold.

Napoleon said that all men were cowards by night, but it was those old negroes that made us so, and our generation has never recovered from it. Christmas was a great season for negroes in slavery times. It was a feast and a frolic for a whole week—and their children were just as good as the white children then and all frolicked together.

But at this joyous season there should be nothing but love and kindness and good will. For twelve days, if not more, let envy and hate malice and selfishness all be banished to caves and the wilderness.

Then a rich and merry Christmas to the rich.

And a bright and happy Christmas to the poor.

So their hearts are joyous it doesn't matter which

Has the fine velvet carpet on the floor.

For riches bring a trouble when they come.

And money leaves a pain when it goes;

But everybody now should have a little sum

To brighten up the year at its close.

BILL ARP.

RICH AND MISERABLE.

Death of an Eccentric and Mysterious New Jersey Hermit.

The death recently of Thomas Foster of Shamong township, Burlington County, N. J., furnishes the people of Mount Holly and neighboring villages something further to wonder at and discuss, says the New York *World*. Foster was seventy years old, and was known to his neighbors as "The Hermit of the Pines." For fifty years he had lived alone in the primitive little log house in which he died, and for a great part of the time was known to be a miser. Hence little surprise was manifested by those who found in an old chest in his cabin bills and gold and silver coins to a large amount.

When Foster, then a prepossessing youth of twenty, appeared in Shamong township half a century ago and took up his abode in the little cabin with his dogs and books, the people wondered. He possessed an excellent scholastic education and polished manners, and soon had many friends among his rural neighbors. Why he had fled from cities and buried himself in that out-of-the-way place he never told, but little by little a story was woven for him, in time-worn motive of disappointed love was made fit to his case, and he ceased to be an object of interest. Then it came to be noised about that Foster was a miser. The country people fell away from him, and he secluded himself more and more until he was almost forgotten. Surrounded by his dogs, his mind buried in his books, with which the cabin was plentifully supplied, days would sometimes pass without his stirring abroad.

The howling of a dog attracted some farmers to the little log hut, and there they found the hermit dangerously ill. Accordingly the overseer of the poor of Medford visited the cabin for the purpose of removing the old man to the almshouse.

'Take me to the almshouse?' he almost shouted. 'Never! I have money to pay for taking care of me here, and here are the keys to that chest. Open it and you will find what I say is true.'

When the chest was opened, sure enough, there was the money as he had said. The gold was neatly packed away in little bags. The notes were crisp and clean, though of the issue of old State concerns long since become national banks. Foster obstinately refused to have a nurse, saying: "The nurse would eat so much." Just before the end came he raised himself on his elbow, motioned convulsively toward the old chest and fell back dead. The cabin and the miser's effects were taken in charge by the authorities. It is thought that there may be more money secreted about the old structure.

An effort will be made to find his relatives in Philadelphia, from which city it is said he came to the pines.

LOVERS IN LOVER'S WALK.

Charming Picture of a Virginia Courtship by the New York Times' Artist, H. J. W. V.

There are two kinds of proposals common to the Lover's Walk at Sulphur Springs. They are the proposal serious and the proposal jocular. The latter is also serious, but in a diplomatic approach to the subject, intended to serve as a way of retreat if the overture is not well received. According to the account of one young lady, whose invitations to promenade have created destruction in her stock of shoe leather and whose invitations to trot in harness have been in proportion, the proposal jocular is as follows:

Having discussed the weather, the german of the night before, the german that is to be, and any other subjects saliently of service, and having, as they say in Kentucky, grown "nodger and nodger," the young man begins, in an off-hand way:

'Looka hyere, Miss Mamie, has enny feller been a proposin' t' you this season?'

'Why?'

'Why, I reckon somebody'd orter give you a chance.'

'I reckon somebody will if I want him to.'

'Oh, then there is a somebody.'

'Wouldn't you like to know?'

'I would that. Thar ain't, now, is there? You're jest a funnin'.'

She looks coyly away, with an amusing smile.

'He ain't no better lookin' than I am, is he?'

She thoughtfully and critically answers that there ain't no choice.

'Cos I reckon I might do some talkin' myself ef thar was any chance.'

He does or does not as she pulls the strings. The Southern young man is not slow, but he is no match for his keen companion.

The proposal serious is the result of perhaps a week of tender companionship. The young man, whose feelings have gradually become too much for him, eats his morning hominy in a very abstracted way, with frequent turnings to see if she has arrived at her place at the table. After breakfast he walks the piazza in a somewhat uneasy state, his mental concentration interfering somewhat with his digestion. About this period in his entanglement she is very likely to be occupied with some other gentleman, having detected the signs of imminent explosion on his part. He rushes boldly in, however, and she, after going over a multitude of engagements, finally believes that she can walk just a little while with him that afternoon. They walk. No sooner have they turned the corner by the cottage than he says:

'I've been wantin' to see you very much, Miss Margie, all th' afternoon. I—I've something very particular I'd like to say to you, Miss Margie.

'Indeed!' she says. She is very much surprised. She is the most surprised girl, apparently, in the whole state of West Virginia.

'When I come down hyere,' he begins. Then he halts. 'I—a—I've known a good many young ladies, Miss Margie, and a—the a—the matter I was goin' to speak to you about——.' He is quite confused.

There is a small thick silence for a moment as they stroll idly along, while a small green frog jumps nimbly out of the way, confident that in the preoccupation of the pair he is likely to be stepped on.

'What I was goin' to say,' he resumes, clearing his throat, 'is—ah—that I've been thinkin' that every, that is, that all young people ought to marry young. Did—ah—did you ever feel that-away, Miss Margie?'

Miss Margie dosen't know. She has suddenly grown miles away from him in her silence. He makes a plunge.

'D'you think you could like a feller like me, Miss Margie—well enough to marry him, I mean?'

'Oh' says Miss Margie, greatly taken aback. 'Maw says I'm too young to marry. She wouldn't hear to it. Don't you—don't you think that sulphur water's horrid stuff?'

Her ideas concerning sulphur water are a little vague just then, but he manages to agree and to make inquiries concerning her intentions regarding the ball that evening. The conversation then grows halting and awkward, and they shortly return. She breathes a sigh of relief as she smiles good-by, and he wildly goes in search of some small and secretive darkey, whom he hires to kick him thoroughly, not being able to perform that office for mimself, and naturally desiring something of the kind to relieve his overwrought feelings.

Explosion of a Bird.

Newton Tabor was digging a well at Pilot Point, Tex. To blast out the rock he used dynamite enclosed in small metalic capsules. In the course of his operations he deposited an open box of these dangerous capsules at the foot of a tree near where he was working. A ladder leaning against the tree reached up to a mockingbird's nest containing a young brood. His ten-year-old son, Dick, with a couple of the capsules in his hand, ascended the ladder, and, discovering the young birds with distended mouths, boy-like dropped the capsules, one at a time, in one bird's mouth. They forthwith disappeared in the bird's craw. This rendered the bird uncomfortable, and in a struggle for relief it fell from the nest. Upon striking the ground an explosion occurred which tore up the earth, dumped a quantity of the loose dirt and the fragments of rock piled around into the well, and came near killing Mr. Tabor, who was working down below. The boy fell from the ladder and was badly hurt, suffering the fracture of some bones. This shows what a boy will do when he gets a chance.

The New Year.

Only a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind, that grieves
Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen our hearts are full,
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendor as daylight dies,
So the glow of the holy-tide
Touches with lingering tender grace
The fading smile on the old year's face—
The face it has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
Is sleeping spring's fairy train:
And gayly its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the new year's chimes,
Bringing hope to our hearts again.

The Old and the New.

One year more is quickly numbered
With the ages of the past,
And we scarcely heed the moments
As they pass us by so fast.

'Eightyseven, so old but honored,
Shares his predecessors' fate;
Yields his throne to youth and beauty.
Welcome to thee, 'Eightyeight!

A Famous Confederate General.

Gen. Longstreet is writing a book on the war, says a letter from Gainsville, Ga. As he finishes a chapter he sends the manuscript to Washington to have all dates and figures verified from the official records. 'I expect both sides to pitch into me,' he says, 'and I am taking time to be certain of my statements.'

There is little doubt both sides 'will pitch into him' if he writes as he talks. Frankness is one of the General's strong characteristics. But no element of recklessness enters into the operation of his mind. He is outspoken but deliberate. His life since the war has been such as to relieve him of prejudice in favor of the side he fought on. He is 'out of politics entirely,' to quote his own language, and out of affiliation with his old army associates. But at the same time there is no trace of disappointment, of malice, of bitterness in his manner. Under such conditions he sits down to write his narrative of the war. And it will be history.

Having led the life of a soldier from the time he entered West Point up to the time the states seceded, Longstreet stepped into almost the highest position at the very outset of the civil war, and he saw hard and continuous service to the end. It was Longstreet's corps which, on the second of the three day's fighting on and about Chickamauga, jumped from the cars on which they had come all the way from Virginia, 15,000 strong, and rushed into battle from Ringgold, enabling Bragg to drive Rosecrans back on Chattanooga.

It was Longstreet's corps that covered the retreat of Lee at Gettysburg. It was Longstreet everywhere in Virginia, from Bull Run to the end, and then at Appomattox Longstreet was the one selected by Lee as the ranking officer to go and arrange the preliminaries of surrender.

The moist atmosphere of New Orleans gave Gen. Longstreet the rheumatism, which was aggravated a good deal probably by a bad wound received in the storming of Chapultepec. Since he came to Gainsville his health has improved. He is a busy man at 66. A short distance out of "the metropolis of northeast Georgia," as the city is called, the general has a farm of one hundred acres, with a large old-fashioned mansion. The house stands on an elevation in the midst of trees and shrubbery. From the upper gallery there is a grand view of mountain scenery, Kennesaw and a dozen other wooded peaks being in view. The general's farming is confined mainly to the care of a vineyard of scuppernongs, and other varieties of grapes, to which he gives a good deal of personal attention.

Gainsville is a popular summer resort for the gulf states. The altitude insures a right temperature which often sends the new-comer prowling around at 2 o'clock in the morning for more bed-clothes.

There are iron and sulphur springs scattered through the mountains. People who have ills, and people who imagine they have, summer here for the waters. Some years ago a Minnesota man came down here and built a large hotel, the General furnishing some of the capital. The property fell into the general's hands in the course of time. He has usually rented it. This year he opened it, and has had a great colony of summer boarders from the low country to look after. A son attends to the details, but the general comes in from his vineyard every day to see that his guests are comfortable.

At the battle of the Wilderness a ball tore through his right shoulder, and the wound left the arm partially paralyzed. For a long time after the war he could only write by moving his whole arm for each stroke of the pen, and even then had to assist the stiffened member with his left hand. Concluding that this would never do, he set to work to learn to write with his left hand, and now does all his extensive correspondence and literary work in that way.

He looks his improved health. His face is ruddy. His eyes are bright and he walks firmly. The long, heavy whiskers are as white as snow. His publishers have put him under injunctions not to talk about the contents of the book.

One Cent.

It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent, but at the same time it is a very important coin at times, says an exchange. It will take a circular to California and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten dollar bill. One cent is very small, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern, magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music. The penny, it seems, was made to put on church plates; and, although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw of a horse-car to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large that when the baby swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent. Although one cent is less than ten cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four were as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

The Millheim Journal.

Entered at the Post Office at Millheim, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER

WITH this number the JOURNAL completes the sixty-first year of its existence and if the present condition of the plant may be taken as a guide its future stability is good for quite a number of years to come. It required hard work and a considerable amount of cash to get the paper up to a fair standard, but we think we have in a measure succeeded, and our labors do not seem to be in vain. True, the temporary reverses incident to the newspaper business, along with the sharp and plenteous competition, have caused us much worry and vexation, but we managed to get through it all and have the gratifying reward of an increased subscription list and the kind encouragement of our patrons. To them and to all others the JOURNAL sends its compliment of the season.

While it is not necessary here to repeat the history of the JOURNAL, having done so on similar ocassions, before, we would say that ever since we took a hold of the paper, nearly five years ago, we labored honestly and persistently to make it as interesting and useful as we knew how with the means at hand, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that we succeeded to a large extent. The JOURNAL has many warm friends and if kind Providence favors us with continued health, we expect to increase their number during the coming year by giving our readers fully as good, if not a better paper. As far as the year which is just closing is concerned it was a fair business year and we have no reason to complain.

In recapitulating our journalistic experiences of the year 1887 we are forcibly reminded that we owe special thanks to our able correspondents from neighboring towns. Their valuable services added much to the success of this sheet as a newspaper and we earnestly hope they will favor us in the future with their newsy contributions. With these few retrospective remarks we bid good bye to 1887 and are ready to launch the JOURNAL into the unknown waters of 1888.

SENATOR QUAY has introduced a bill to increase the pensions of soldiers and sailors of the late war who were totally disabled, from $50 to $72 per month.

THE granger's convention which was held in Harrisburg last week, is said to have been the largest in point of number that has been held during the past ten years. Some important measures were introduced relative to tariff reduction on agricultural products.

JAMES G. BLAINE is thought to be at the bottom of the convention of republican clubs, representing every state of the Union, which was held in New York last week. The object of the meeting was to organize for preparatory work in the coming presidential campaign and to make united efforts for the renomination of Blaine at the national convention to come off at Chicago next June. The general tone of the convention was Blaine, first, last and all the time, and this gives rise to the supposition that the meeting of the clubs was called at the instance of Blaine himself. A platform was adopted which, in keeping with Blaine's sentiments, favors high protection and unlimited pension grants; stirs up the flag scandal and also waves the bloody shirt. Such are the tactics to be employed by the man from Maine and his faithful followers in the coming battle for the presidency. It is a fortunate thing that the people have a voice in the matter when they go to the polls.

THE two bills which have been introduced in Senate purposing to restrict immigration stand an uncertain change in their single handedness. Senator Morrill, of Vermont proposes to keep out paupers, lunatics and anarchists by requiring the consuls on the other side to investigate into the character and means of livelihood of emigrants and if found wanting to refuse them a certificate of admission to our ports. But who wouldn't be a consul with such a trying burden? Senator Reagan, of Texas, in his bill, would throw the responsibilty of bringing offensive foreigners to American ports upon the steamship companies by compelling them to give bonds that the immigrants are all O. K. in political and other respects. But this plan would have a dampening effect upon steamship traffic and most of the companies would feel like going out of the business. Some law will have to be framed to prevent the immigration of foreign social offal, but neither of the above bills seems to exactly cover the ground.

Confirmed the Nominations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The senate has removed the injunction of secrecy from the following nomin ations, which were confirmed in secret session: Charles S. Fairchild, to be secretary of the treasury; George L. Rives, to be assistant [illegible] Philadelphia; Isaac H. Maynard, JOURNAL. Philad'a. [illegible] assistant secretary subscriber receives $2.00 [illegible] W. Hyatt, to be as a premium. [illegible] surer.

Expelling Anarchists.

Everybody but the Anarchists themselves will agree with Congressman Adams, of Illinois, that the Anarchists are a pestilent lot of which if the country were well rid it would be exceedingly fortunate. But there are a good many people who will regard Mr. Adams' scheme for getting rid of them as rather more dangerous than the Anarchists themselves. Mr. Adams proposes to give the President the power to expel these undesirable aliens when in his judgment the public interests demand it. This seems an easy way of disposing of the Mosts and Schwabs, but the trouble is that it places in the hands of the President a power that some time might be wielded for personal rather than public ends.

It is natural that Congressman Adams, who represents a State in which the pestilent Anarchists have made themselves particularly obnoxious, should desire a simple and easy way of settling the Anarchist question. But this is a country of lawful methods, in which men who are criminals must be punished by legal processes. The legal method is a little slow, but it generally gets there in time. The Illinois Court managed to dispose of some recent Anarchists in a very effective way, if the process was a trifle long winded. They can hang more Anarchists if any more evince a desire to try conclusions with the gallows.

It might not be a bad notion to banish some of the windy advocates of anarchy, but if this is done the law authorizing it should make the courts the sole arbiters in the matter. The power should not be lodged in the executive of the nation except on a clear finding by a jury after a fair trial that the accused was, in word or act, hostile to the American Government. Better than this, however, will be an effective measure to keep these enemies of all government from landing on our shores in the future leaving the courts to deal with those already here.—*Phila Times.*

--DR. KILMER & CO., of Binghamton, N. Y., are now working a night and day force to supply the druggists' orders for their Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.—*Binghamton Daily Republican.* 50-4t

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, 1887.

Congress, although in session two weeks, has as yet accomplished very little work, mainly for the reason that Speaker Carlisle, owing to the unusual pressure brought to bear upon him for choice committee places, has been obliged to defer the appointment of his committes until after the holiday recess, which will be from Dec. 22 till Jan. 4. The only really important committee thus far organized is that on Elections, which, for reasons personal to himself Mr. Carlisle requested the House to appoint, one of its duties being to decide the issue between Carlisle and Thobe. Apparently there is no good cause for a contest, still as one has been instituted by the missguided labor reformer, so called, it must be disposed of according to the forms of law. There can be little doubt of the validity of the Kentucky statesman's claim to his seat.

It is already evident that much of the time of Congress during the present session will be uselessly consumed in the discussion of purely political questions; but on the eve of what is destined to be one of the most exciting and closely contested Presidential campaigns in the country's history, this is, perhaps, unavoidable. The first political tirade was delivered, without the slightest provocation, in the House by the Republican leader, Mr. Reed, of Maine, being a rather feeble and flatulent arraignment of the Democracy on the tariff question. However a few ringing sentences from Messrs Cox, and Hatch sufficed to effectually silence the batteries of the burly Boanerges of the Republican party.

In the Senate that notorious champion of fraud and vote stealer, "Bill" Chandler, has presented an indictment against four sovereign States—South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana—proposing to regulate their Congressional elections, through the medium of Federal intervention. Chandler's idea of regulating elections was exemplified by the Republican rape of electoral votes of three of these same States in the canvass of 1876-77, and Bill realizes that the support of these commonalities is necessary for Republican success next year. But Chandler will get nothing but a little cheap political capital out of his partisan resolution.

Probably the Senate bill that will excite the most interest and discussion is that of Senator Cullom, providing for the United States Postal Telegraph, appropriating four million dollars for that purpose and designating a number of principal cities of the country to be connected by the proposed lines; it also provides for the appointment and regulations of the employes of the Postal Telegraph.

The indications are that there is some opposition to the confirmation of Mr. Lamar's nomination, but not enough to defeat it. It is hardly probable that the matter will be taken up until after the holiday recess; then the three most important nominations will be acted upon in their regular order—Lamar, Vilas and Dickinson,

The recent reception in this city of two distinguished Irish members of the British Parliament, was an impressive demonstration of American national smypathy for the sufferings of Ireland, and fitting aggression was given to this feeling by the eloquent utterances of several prominent Congressmen.

Dill's Nomination Sent to the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—Among the nominations sent to the senate by the president to-day, was that of Andrew H. Dill to be United States marshal for the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

—Wm H. Fisher, the photographer, wishes to give special notice that he will only remain at Millheim three weeks longer and invites the public wanting pictures taken to call at his gallery on North street, where he guarantees satisfactory work at low prices. 2t

Democratic the First in Twenty Years.

MERIDEN, Conn., Dec. 20.—In the city election to day Dr. Davis was re-elected mayor, and both branches of the city goverment are democratic for the first time since the inauguration of the city goverment twenty years ago. The common council stands 24 democrats to 6 republicans, the latter being hold-over men. Dr. Davis is a democrat.

THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH.—Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., says: "I owe my life solely to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. I had liver and kidney disease, and for five years was unable to go about. I am now well, and can do a man's work on my farm. I shall always hold up both hands for Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Price $1.00 a bottle, six for $5. 50-4t

Miscellaneous News.

Sullivan's Challenge to Smith or Kilrain.

LONDON, Dec 20.—John L. Sullivan, who is now exhibiting in Glasgow, has issued a challenge to Smith or Kilrain to fight for $5,000.

Pensions for Confederate Soldiers.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 18.—Both branches of the legislature have passed a bill pensioning disabled soldiers in this state who fought in the army and navy of the confederacy. It will cost $50,000 annually.

Twenty-Three Inches of Snow in Erie.

EASTON, Pa., Dec. 18.—The snow here is twenty-three inches deep and many of the narrow streets are impassable. No attempt was made to-day to run street cars. All the steam railroad trains are badly delayed.

A Young Incendiary.

SCRANTON, Dec. 18.—Llewellyn Dean, aged nine, has been held for trial on a charge of setting fire to the barn at the Briggs shaft, a loss of $3,000 having been caused. He had been reprimanded by the foreman, and in revenge fired the structure.

A Farmer Paralyzed and Helpless.

CARLISLE, Dec. 17.—John F. Lindsay, a farmer of this county, was found lying insensible in the road by the side of his buggy, two miles from his home, suffering from a paralytic stroke, which had rendered one side useless and completely deprived him of the power of hearing and speech.

The Hawn Robbers Sentenced.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., Dec. 19.—Judge Furst to day sentenced the famous Hawn robbers to the Western penitentiary. Galbraith, for three years and ten months, and Mike McKelvy, for three years and six months. McKelvy wept bitterly when the sentence was pronounced upon him and he appeared completely broken down.

Showers Guilty in the First Degree.

LEBANON, Pa., Dec 18.—The jury in the case of William Showers, charged with the murder of his two grandchildren, after being out ten hours brought in a verdict this morning of murder in the first degree. The verdict gives very general satisfaction. Showers, who is possessed of a comfortable estate, will carry the case to the supreme court.

First Genuine Blizzard of the Season.

ST. PAUL, Dec 20.—The first genuine blizzard of the season has been raging in Dakota all day—a storm of snow as fine as sand, driven by a fierce wind, and accompanied by very low temperature. At Assiniboine the thermometer indicated 28 below. At 4 o'clock this afternoon Haron reports all trains late and those of the Northwestern road abandoned entirely. It has snowing in St. Paul almost all day, and at 10 p.m. it is growing cold.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
21 181 Pearl st., New York.

But Necessaries of Life as High as Ever.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Dec. 16.—The Bethlehem iron company to-day gave notice of a general reduction of ten per cent. in wages, to take effect January 1. The reason assigned is that "the condition of trade and the reduced price of rails in the market make it necessary for the company to reduce the expence of manufacture." This reduction still leaves wages several per cent. higher than before the reduction of last winter.

An Old Man Burned to Death.

SELINSGROVE, Dec 17.—An old man, Charles Lahr, of near McClure, Snyder county, was burned to death in his log hut on Thursday night. He lived alone and in a secluded part of the county. It is supposed that he built a large fire in his old-fashioned stove and then fell asleep. The fire, spurting from the stove, ignited his clothing, burning him to a crisp, together with the house. His bones were found in the ruins the next morning.

Death of ex-Public Printer Rounds.

OMAHA, December 17.—Hon. S. P. Rounds, editor and principal proprietor of the Omaha *Republican*, died at 8.50 o'clock this evening at his residence, in this city, of pneumonia after an illness of ten days. Mr. Rounds has been a resident of Omaha a little over a year. He came here from Washington after resigning the position of Public Printer which he held for four years. For many years previous to going to Washington he was proprietor of a printers' supply house in Chicago. Mr. Rounds was well known all over the country, but particularly in the West.

What it Costs for Fame.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 17.—In the Circuit Court here Miss Jackson, a young authoress, sued Mrs. Hannah Perkins, aged about fifty five years, for $1,500, claimed for writing the latter's life in the form of a romance, to be published under Mrs. Perkins' name. Mrs. Perkins wished to rival Marietta Holly, so that popular author could not walk by her "with her head up." The best lawyers of the county were engaged on both sides, and the interest in the case was widespread. The jury rendered a verdict after six hours' deliberation for the plaintiff for $1,638 75. Judgement and levy were ordered.

An Alleghany City Officer Fatally Stabbed.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 18.—Officer John Wallace, of the Allegheny police, was fatally stabbed last night by an unknown man. Wallace was walking along Alleghany avenue when he noticed two men following a lady. The men started to run as soon as the officer appeared and the latter followed in pursuit. At the corner of North avenue he caught one of them by the arm, but before a word was spoken the fellow plunged a dagger into his abdomen and fled. Wallace was taked to his home. He is still living, but cannot recover. There is no clue to his assailant, but a number of persons have been arrested on suspicion.

Burned to Death in a Railroad Wreck.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—At about 8 o'clock this morning, when the east-bound express freight train on the Fitchburg Railroad, consisting of thirty-six cars, reached Littleton it collided with the engine of a gravel train that was drawing out from a siding. The engine and four cars of the express train were thrown from the rack, the former being demolished and the latter burned. Michael Mack, a brakeman on the express was so badly burned that he died within an hour and Freeman Morse was quite badly hurt. Considerable damage was done to the rolling stock. The responsibility for the collision is said to rest on the gravel train engineer.

Will Stand by the Lehigh Strikers.

ELIZABETHPORT, N. J., Dec. 18.—The convention of the Reading railroad employes held here to-day resolved to stand by the Lehigh strikers in their demand for an 8 per cent. advance, and all the local assemblies will be urged to contribute financial aid. Over one hundred Lehigh boats are lying at the Reading docks in this city and the employes refuse to load them, Coxe Brothers, of the Cross Creek company, have notified the Reading company that they will charge $10 per day demurrage for every boat now waiting two weeks. A question of forming a district assembly comprising all the Reading men consumed much of the time of the convention.

A Venerable Bride and Groom.

NEW BRAUNFELS, Texas, Dec 16.—Ex Governor Roberts, known throughout the South and West as "Old Alcalde," and Mrs. Kate Border, were married last night. The groom is seventy-eight and the bride nearly sixty. The ceremony was secretly performed at the house of Mrs. J. A. Arnell, the bride's daughter. The bridegroom is one of the historic characters of Texas. He was Governor for six years, serving three terms. Prior to his elevation to Governorship he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Since his retirement from politics five years ago he has acted as professor of law in the State University at Austin.

TERRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION.

A Number of People Killed and Several Missing—The Wounded.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16.—A special to the *Record* from West Chester, says: A large boiler in the Edison electric works, exploded this afternoon killing Superintendent Walter Embree, Elwood Beckett, John Bradley, Samuel Webb and Hattie. The 10-year-old daughter of William Jones, who was returning from school and at a point almost a square distant from the scene of the explosion, was also struck by a flying beam and almost instantly killed. As some extra laborers were employed it is thought that all the bodies have not yet been recovered. The works are badly wrecked.

Among the missing is Clerk of the Courts D. A. Taylor, who was inquiring at the works for Embree a few minutes before the explosion, and who has not been seen since.

CAUGHT AFTER SIX YEARS.

A Man Who Stole $40,000 While His Bride Lay Dead in the House.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 16.—Ernest K. Williamson, who six years ago robbed the firm of Albert Moran & Co., of Fall River, Mass., of $40,000 and fled to parts unknown, has been capturred, and passed through this city in charge of a detective to day. Williamson was married to Hattie Moran, the daughter of the senior partner, on June 14, 1881. The next morning Mrs. Williamson went out for a drive. The horse ran away and the bride was instantly killed. That same night Moran & Co. received a package by express containing nearly $40,000 in cash. Mr. Moran placed it in the safe and went to his home of sorrow. Williamson was there, bowed down in grief. Mr. Moran mentioned the fact of the money being in the safe and went to his room. Although his bride lay cold in death Williamson went to the office, opened the safe, stole the money, and fled. He was the confidential man of the firm, and had access to the safe.

Williamson was captured at Homersville, in this state, by means of a photograph taken by a travelling photographer, who was arrested in Chicago on Thanksgiving day, and the picture of Williamson was recognized.

WENT OUT QUIETLY.

Narrow Escape of a Philadelphia Theatre from fire—Chorus Girls Alarmed.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 19.—About 10 o'clock to-night a fire, caused by spontaneous combustion, broke out in the finishing room on the top floor of Allen & Brother's furniture store, 1209 Chestnut street, and before it could be extinguished a loss of $40,000 was caused. Allen's place is next door to the Chestnut street theatre, and for a time great excitement prevailed throughout the entire city on account of a report being circulated that the theatre itself was burning and immense crowds rushed to the scence from all directions. The fact of the fire being in such close proximity became known to the occupants of the theater just as the curtain rose on the second act of "Ermine" and while Marine Jansen was singing a song in that act, Manager Nixon appeared upon the stage and, in assuring words, told the audience that while there was no danger it was deemed advisable to stop the performance. The house was then emptied quietly and without accident or incident. Some of chorus girls became frightened and left by the stage door when they learned where the fire was, but their fears were soon quieted and they returned for their street clothing.

HARVESTING "THE WEED".

Pennsylvania Farmers Exultant Over Their Year's Tobacco Crop.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 19.—Since the tobacco crop was put into barns and sheds last September, the grower has been anxious for damp weather, so that the hand sprinkler and steam need not be employed to prepare the weed for stripping. These means are not satisfactory, as the nesessary degree of dampness cannot be obtained, and the process is slow and requires a great deal of extra labor. The fog and rain of the past few days were exceptional for this time of the year and have put the crop in excellent shape.

Thousands of men, women and children are now busy stripping and the great staple will be ready for market earlier than usual. There is much rejoicing in consequence throughout this county which is the first agricultural district among all the agricultural districts of the United States, the rich Monroe county, of New York, ranking second. The total value of the annual products of Lancaster county is $10,000,000, one fifth of which comes from the tobacco crop. The average yield for the past seven is 14,367,857 pounds. In no year since 1870 has a crop of less 10 000 pounds been gathered. The largest crops of tobacco ever raised in any county in the United States was grown in this county in 1879 and weighed 18,000,000.

This city is the centre of the Pennsylvania trade, and next to New York, is the largest seed leaf tobacco market in the country. Here are located one half of the two hundred large warehouses in the country, and during the season of delivery, which begins after the holidays, the avenues are blockaded with teams. On some days the receivers pay to the farmers, in checks, from $200,000 to $300,000.

—John have you seen that woman ately?

John, in astonishment: What woman? That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the World. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

HALL'S

$100 REWARD. $100.

The readers of the MILLHEIM JOURNAL will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the fonndation of the disease and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The Proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars, for any case it fails to cure Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 Cts.

CATARRH CURE.

RESTORATIVE WINE.—Physicians who have used Speer's Port Grape Wine, of New Jersey, and have applied it to the strictest test, pronounce it strictly pure and rich Lody and recommend it to the aged and infirm, and for general use where wine is desirable, as the most reliable of wines to be had. Mr. Speer also preserves the Grape Juice fresh and sweet just as it runs from the press, not by the use of spirits, but by electricity, extracting the fermenting principles from the ripe grapes when mashed; it is called Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice. For sale by druggists.

—We tell you plainly that Simmons Liver Regulator will rid you of Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation and Billiousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—yet entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of Simmons Liver Regulator.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Billousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

ONLY GENUINE

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,
Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Mrs. Catherine Smull, late of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
48 6t AARON SMULL.

A Merry Christmas

—AND A—

Happy New Year

is the wish to every person from

L. B. Stover,

—Madisonburg, Pa.,—

and at the same time I wish to inform you that I keep a complete stock of

—General Merchandise.—

AND DON'T FORGET

that at my store you can find the useful as well as ornamental goods, specially suited for

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

My prices are in keeping with the hard times. Therefor come and see me,

L. B. STOVER.

FACTS YOU CAN BET ON.

That the *oldest and largest* tobacco factory *in the world* is in Jersey City, N. J.

That this factory makes the popular and world-famed Climax Plug, the acknowledged standard for first-class chewing tobacco.

That this factory was established as long ago as 1760.

That last year (1886) it made and sold the enormous quantity of 27,982,280 lbs. or fourteen thousand tons of tobacco.

That this was more than one-seventh of all the tobacco made in the United States notwithstanding that there were 966 factories at work.

That in the last 21 years this factory has helped support the United States Government to the extent of over Forty-four million seven hundred thousand dollars ($44,700,000.00) paid into the U. S. Treasury in Internal Revenue Taxes.

That the pay-roll of this factory is about $1,000,000.00 per year or $20,000.00 per week.

That this factory employs about 3,500 operatives.

That this factory makes such a wonderfully good chew in Climax Plug that many other factories have tried to imitate it in vain, and in despair now try to attract custom by offering larger pieces of inferior goods for the same price.

That this factory nevertheless continues to increase its business every year.

That this factory belongs to and is operated by

Yours, very truly,
P. LORILLARD & CO.

100 PER CENT PROFIT and SAMPLES FREE to men canvassers for Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belts, Brushes, &c. Lady agents wanted for Electric Corsets. Quick sales. Write at once for terms. Dr. Scoot, 844 B'way, N. Y. 50-4t

JOURNAL STORE,

"No. 20,"

PENN STREET,

MILLHEIM, PA.,

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

HOLIDAY GOODS.

My line is complete, the variety full and the

Prices Very Low.

I can not possibly enumerate everything, but here are a few articles named with prices, other goods not named are just as cheap:

FINE FAMILY BIBLES, $2, $3, $5, $8.

BEAUTIFUL POCKET BIBLES, 40c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $2.25, $3, $5.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, 40c, 50c, 75c, $2.25, $3, $5.

AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS, 10c, 15c, 20c, 30c, 60c, $1.00, $1.50.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES, 10c, 15c, 40c, 50c, $1.00.

FINE WRITING DESKS, 45c, $1.00, $1.25,

EASELS, 10c, 12c. 75c.

FINE BISQUE FIGURES, 25c, 50c, $1.00.

SCRAP BOOKS, 10c up to $1.25.

ELEGANT WORK BASKETS, 25c, 40c, 75c.

WIRE BASKETS, 10c, 12c, 15c, 75c.

ANTIQUE BRASS PITCHERS, 40c.

GOOD BOX PAPER, 10c, 20c, 40c.

TOY BOOKS, a multitude, 1c up.

SCRAP PICTURES, a legion, at any and all prices.

TOYS FOR CHILDREN, KNIVES, HARMONICAS, JEWS' HARPS and GAMES for BOYS, CANES for MEN.

A FINE VELVET SATCHEL for girls, 25cts; better ones for 80c, $1.00 and $1.25.

THE FINEST WRITING PAPERS and ENVELOPES in the valley, in tablets and sheets.

STEREOSCOPES and VIEWS.

PENCIL TABLETS, every kind and price, 1c up.

DOLLS, DOLLS, DOLLS, 1c up.

FANCY ARTICLES, TOYS, TOILET GOODS, NOVELTIES, in great profusion and at lowest prices.

I might enumerate very much more, but must stop somewhere, and do so by extending a cordial invitation to the public to

Come and See.

B. O. DEININGER, Proprietor.

NEW MILLINERY GOODS!

My customers and the public in general are respectfully informed that I have a

—: LARGE ASSORTMENT :—

OF TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED

HATS - AND - BONNETS

AND ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

BEST SELECTIONS OF TRIMMINGS, &C.

I respectfully invite your patronage, assuring you that both my goods and prices will suit you.

ANNA M. WEAVER, Millheim, Pa.

1887 * X-MAS * 1887

Within the next few weeks thousands will select beautiful boxes of confectionery and other articles suitable for a

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

In view of this fact I have made ample preparations and will soon display the most complete line of Confectionery ever shown in Millheim. Give me a trial.

Every one will concede that nothing surpasses a beautiful Cloth Dress for a lady or a handsome Dress Suit for a gentleman as substantial

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

In fact my store on Main street is headquarters for sensible holiday presents and is a reliable place to deal and secure bargains. Don't forget.

I don't want to wearry you at this particular season with a long string of advertising matter but will yet say that excepting a good

CHRISTMAS DINNER

the Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers at my store are more prodvctive of happy results in the masculine mind than any thing else. Come and see them.

D. S. KAUFFMAN.

A. J. CAMPBELL, Agt.

—: COBURN, PA. :—

has taken sole charge of the grain house, formerly owned by Whitmer & Lincoln, and will conduct the same in the most business like manner. I will pay the

Highest Market Prices

for all kinds of

Grain, Seeds, &c.

And will also keep on hand

Coal, Salt, Flour, Chop, &c.

which will be sold at reasonable prices.

I expect to deal fair and square and treat all alike. Thanking the patrons of the old firm I hope they will continue to deal with me. I invite all others for a share of their patronage.

Respectfully,

A. J. Campbell, Agt.

HARNESS & COLLARS

WHIPS & FLYNETTS,

anything in that line to be had at my shop,

AT THE TOLLGATE, NORTH OF

MILLHEIM PA.

Harness made to order, and repairing neatly and promptly done.

LOWEST RATES.

Anything not on hand will be cheerfully ordered.

HORSE COLLARS,

especially adapted for farmers' use and all ordinary team work, A STAPLE ARTICLE, at prices to suit all purses.

A call at my place and a trial of my goods will convince you that I deal fairly and squarely.

J. H. WOOMER.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE

Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in many cases recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Ginger Tonic, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. It is invaluable for all pains and disorders of stomach and bowels. 50c. at Druggists.

PATENTS F. A. Lehmann, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. 50-4t

THE SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR

CATARRH

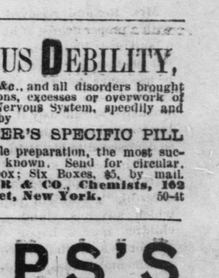
ELY'S CREAM BALM

contains no injurious drugs and has no offensive odor.

You will Save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble,

AND WILL CURE CATARRH

By Using ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.

50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts.

ELY BROTHERS,
Office, 235 Green which st., New York City.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Finest and cheapest

Meat Flavouring Stock

FOR

SOUPS, MADE DISHES AND SAUCES,

Annual sales 8,000,000 jars.

N.B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's

SIGNATURE IN BLUE INK

across label.

To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists. 50-4t

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

WEAKNESS &c., and all disorders brought on by indiscretions, excesses or overwork of the Brain and Nervous System, speedily and radically cured by

WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL

a purely vegetable preparation, the most successful remedy known. Send for circular. Price $1 per box; Six Boxes, $5, by mail. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 162 William Street, New York. 50-4t

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

MONEY

made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits to J. F. W. Dorman, 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland U. S. A.

CATARRH Sample Treatment FREE We mail enough to convince. B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., 178 Broad-st, Newark, N. J. 50-4t

The Millheim Journal.

Entered at the Post Office at Millheim, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22ND, 1887.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

BARGAINS FOR ALL

AT THE MILLHEIM

BARGAIN STORE.

We mean every word when we say that we are going to discontinue themercantile business and will sell our goods

AT AND BELOW COST!

We still have a lot of Ladies Dress Goods, Cotton Jeans, Woolen Flannels, Cambrics, Muslins and a general line of Notions, Ladies' and Children's Woolen and Cotton Hose, Cotton Yarns, Shawls, Overalls, Skirts, Glass and Queensware, Drugs, Toilet Soaps, Woodenware, Hardware and Table Cutlery. In fact it will be to your interest to come and see our

GOODS & PRICES

before purchasing elesewhere especially on BOOTS & SHOES, HATS, CAPS & BUGGY-WHIPS

Thanking the people for past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same we remain

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

E. C. CAMPBELL & SON.

Local Paragraphs

—*The JOURNAL STORE just at this time is really "a sight to see." The spacious show window is a "daisy." Every passer-by stops to see and give it unstinted praise. The shelves, tables and show-cases are all crowded, crammed full of fine Holiday goods, tastefully arranged and marked in plain figures at the very lowest living prices. If you come to Millheim during the Holidays, as of course you will, don't fail to visit the Journal Store.*

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

—Yesterday was the shortest day in the year.

—Mr. John Long, of Fisher's Ferry, was seen in town last week.

—This kind of weather brings the snow shovels into requisition.

—J. W. Stover's store is headquarters for all kinds of holiday presents.

—Shedd's Little Mandrake Pill's are small and easy to take. One pill a dose.

—The next issue of the JOURNAL will be run out on the 5th of January, 1888.

—Catarrh or cold in the head cured by inhaling Joseph's Oil. Only 25 cents.

—Don't fail to look at the fine assortment of Hanging Lamps at J. W. Stover's.

—The Millheim band will be at the festival next Saturday evening. Come and hear them.

—For any Irritation of the Throat and Lungs Shedd's Excelsior Cough Syrup has no equal.

—The Lutheran Sunday School will elect their officers for the ensuing year next Sunday forenoon.

—Governor Beaver recently placed a grand upright Knabe piano in the executive mansion at Harrisburg.

—Festival, Pink Tea Party and Pink Tea Auction at the rink next Saturday afternoon and evening. Don't forget it.

—W. P. Catherman and family are spending the week in Sugarvalley with Mrs. Catherman's mother, Mrs. Kreamer.

—Sunday was a cold and blustering day, but the sleigh-bells jingled all the same. People seem anxious for sleighing.

—The Toy Books at the Journal Store this year are particularly fine. The children are simply delighted with them.

—The recent snow fall somewhat retards the progress of the work on Mr. Harry Clapp's new house on Penn street.

—Rev. Taylor, of Williamsburg, Pa., will be the successor to Rev. Glanding, the present Lutheran pastor at Lock Haven.

—Last Thursday, December 15th, ended the open season for shooting all game excepting pheasants, rabbits and squirrels.

DINNER AND SUPPER.—At the festival next Saturday warm meals may be had, prepared in the best style and sold at 25 cts. a plate.

—We are reliably informed that our townsman, Mr. G. W. Harter, will move to A. R. Alexander's farm, east of town, next spring.

—There will be preaching in the Lutheran church, Millheim, on Sunday (New Year's) evening by the pastor, Rev. M. L. Deitzler.

—Ralph McClain, a three-year-old son of Register James A. McClain, Bellefonte, died on Sunday morning from diphtheretic croup.

—Mr. C. Alexander and wife, Penn township, returned last Saturday from a week's visit to Rev. Emanuel Keen's, Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa.

—Miss Annie, daughter of Wm. H. Smith, intends leaving for Williamsport next Saturday, to spend the holidays with relatives there.

—John M. Road, the mason, has purchased Abe. King's property, in Petersburg, east of North street, and took possession of the same yesterday.

—In going to the Rink on Saturday to enjoy your oysters and ice cream, you will pass right by the Journal Store, and don't forget to call in.

—The knitting factory at this place has closed down for this and next week, the Messrs. Crawford intending to spend the holidays in Philadelphia.

—The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad company will in the future paint their cars a bright yellow. Then you shall know them by their color.

—It makes no difference whether you have five cents or five dollars to invest in Christmas presents, you can be suited at the Journal Store all the same.

—French Mixtures, pure and sweet very cheap at Kauffman's store.

—Go and get some of that California Honey at J. W. Stover's. It will certainly please you.

—Pop corn, loose and in balls, assorted colors at Kauffman's store, which is headquarters for old Santa.

—Ice cream Bananas, something new in the market, and made of the purest sugar at D. S. Kauffman's.

—Mrs. Long, of Centre Hill, is at present in town on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Weiser, and other relatives.

—Mr. John Hick, of North street, shipped some of his household effects last week and is at present absent in the East.

—Reports circulate that Mr. Jerome Spigelmyer has received or will receive the appointment for Notary Public in this place.

—At the Journal Store you will find the finest line of writing papers in this section. You can have it in tablets, boxes or sheets.

—The Pennsylvania State College instructs 140 students at present. This is a better showing than the college has had any time before this.

—There is no end to the good things that may be said about the large stock and fine assortment of holiday confectioneries at J. W. Stover's.

—Strawberries in winter is something unusual, but Kauffman keeps them all the same. Come and see them. They are daisies for Holiday use.

—Mrs. Kister, the mother of B. F. Kister, was lying sick at her son's residence, Main street, last week, but is at this writing convalescent.

—Miss Eva Kreamer, of Water street expects to leave for Northumberland this week, where she will spend several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Sides.

—Last issue for 1887. If your neighbor is not a subscriber to this paper, please show him this copy and induce him to subscribe for the JOURNAL in 1888.

—Saturday's snow brought out some sleighs on Sunday, but Monday's bright sun played havoc with the sleighing and people had to resort to the wheels again.

—Wm. Foote of Eagleville, came to town yesterday afternoon with the intention of attending school here. He has grown to be a good-sized, healthy looking boy.

—Miss Kate Stover, one of Mr. Noah Stover's daughters, after a long siege of typhoid fever is out again, a little pale but nevertheless entirely restored and in good spirits.

—Mrs. Susan Harter, Penn street, spends her holidays among the Kurzenknabe's in Harrisburg and will no doubt have a splendid time. She left on last Thursday.

—As the teachers of our public schools will attend institute at Bellefonte next week, all the scholars will have vacation and they are glad of it.

—PAIN is master of the world. Use Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Put the blood in proper condition, and the scrofula will disappear. 12 doses $1. All druggists sell it.

—Mr. Saml. Dupes, of Freeport, Ill., was paying friends in this section, his former place of residence having been in Millheim, a visit and returned to his western home on Monday.

—M. L. Wagonseller, Esq., of Selinsgrove, the popular traveling salesman, was in town on Tuesday and gave the JOURNAL office the benefit of his agreeable company for a brief spell.

—Miss Lilly Harter, oldest daughter of Mrs. Sarah Harter, Main street, is at present visiting her brother, R. H. R. Harter, at Chicago, Ill., and will likely go to other portions of the West.

—The town hall is now painted and papered and makes a handsome appearance. It will be dedicated to its use on next Friday evening, when the public school entertainment will take place.

—Mr. Wm. From, the popular miller of Spring Mills, was a very welcome caller at this office last Friday. Were the world full of men like him it would be easy getting along for the printer. See?

—On Monday we met Mr. G. Alvin Harter, who is attending school at Selinsgrove. He is home to enjoy the holidays in the family circle of his parents, Mr. A. J. Harter's, near Penns Creek.

—The postoffice department officials have issued an order that all letters mailed on a train will be put off at the first postoffice to be cancelled by the postmaster. Postal clerks are not allowed to cancel stamps.

—If you are undecided what to get as a Christmas gift for your friends stop in at R. F. Vonada's store at Coburn where you may find a large invoice of 5, 10 and 25 cent glassware just the thing for a present.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned has for sale a good Driving Horse, Sett of Single Harness, three Buggies and two Sleds. For terms and further particulars apply to J. F. HARTER,
49 2t Millheim, Pa.

—Mr. Samuel Stover, father of our townsman, G. W. Stover, is reported to be very poorly, with slim chances for recovery. He is quite an old gentleman and the natural infirmities incident to old age have much to do with his illness.

BUSINESS CARD.—Mrs. I. W. Buck and Miss Mary Candy wish to inform the public that they have opened a dress making establishment at the former's residence on Main street, where they will do cheap and satisfactory work in their line.

—Rev. E. Stambach will fill Rev. J. Swengel's pulpit in the Evangelical church at this place on next Sunday forenoon. The latter gentleman is just recovering from a large and painful boaling in his throat and is unable to attend to his ministerial duties.

CREAMERY AT MILL HALL.—A $4,000 creamery is to be built in Mill Hall, that amount of money having been subscribed, and work on the building will begin on Monday. The principal men concerned in it are Robert Mann, A. B. Garth, T. B. Mann and Dr. Shoemaker. The building will be located on the site of the old woolen mill.

—The large posters advertising the sale of personal property of late Reuben Shafer, of the National Hotel, Millheim, are out. The sale will take place on Saturday, January 14 h, 1888, and will afford a splendid opportunity to procure valuable live stock, good wagons and buggies and handsome furniture. Don't fail to attend. Sale begins at 10 o'clock, a. m.

—Fine York state cream cheese just received at J. W. Stover's. Try it.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.—a beautiful line of these goods displayed at J. W. Stover's for holiday presents.

—C. W. Albright and Mark Mooney are off with a spring of new and elegant sleighs which they will try to dispose of. Hope they may meet with success.

—Messrs. Frank and John Rossman, of Clintondale, two young gentlemen cousins of Mrs. C. W. Hartman, Penn street, were the guests of that lady a few days last week.

—The boys took a hand at coasting on Monday evening. This exhilarating sport promises to become a favorite pastime again this winter, provided the weather is according.

—No use generalizing this week, all I want to say is that my stock of candies and fancy boxes exceeds anything ever brought to town. It will do your soul good to look at the array. D. S. K.

—A car load of Christmas goods at J. W. Stover's, at prices to suit the purse of each and everyone. Be sure to give me a call and see my stock before buying elsewhere. It will pay you.

—Everybody around Coburn says R. F. Vonada has the finest display of Christmas candies and toys. He is a wide awake young business man and catches his custom by keeping a large selection of goods and selling them at close margins.

—A very pleasant party gathered last Friday evening at the residence of Michael Ulrich, Main street, in honor of Miss Alice Ulrich. It was a surprise party and was attended by a goodly number of our young people, who put in a royal time. Surprise parties are all the rage just now.

—Mr. A. J. Harter, of this place, expects to leave to-morrow for Union county in the interest of his father-in-law, Mr. Ruhl, whose sale of real estate occurs near Swengle station, next Saturday. Mr. Harter will be accompanied by his little son. Asher, and will spend Christmas with friends in their former home.

—You may have a sweet time of it, but by buying your candies at Kauffman's store, your Christmas will be all the sweeter. The truth of this assertion will be clear to you when you look at the immense display of confectionery and sweet meats which he will have at his place during the next few days.

—The Millheim Hook and Ladder Company are in receipt of an invitation, very handsomely printed, to attend the masquerade ball which will be given by the Logan Hose Company of Bellefonte, Dec. 30th. Of course, under the circumstances, the Millheim fire boys will—stay at home, but they thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the invitation.

AT HYMEN'S SHRINE.—We have just received information of the marriage of Miss Jennie J. Deininger and Mr. Elmer Beever, both of Clarkstown, Pa. The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. A. O. Deininger, on last Thursday, and we hasten to send cousin Jennie our best wishes. May her life be as busy as a *beaver's* and as sunny as the land where the orange blossoms grow.

—Mr. John Rishel, a prominent citizen of Centre Hall, and well-known all over the county, died at his residence on Monday last. Mr. Rishel was a man well up in years, but enjoyed good health until of late. It will be remembered that he was acandidate for nomination to the Associate Judgeship of this county during the late campaign. We could not learn the cause of his death.

—On Thursday last Messrs. Jon. and A. J. Harter took the former's wife to the station and on their way home the hind axle of their spring wagon broke, causing Jonathan Harter to be thrown out on his shoulder. He received painful bruises which necessitated the tender nursing of the injured arm for several days. Glad to say he is pretty well over it.

SALE POSTERS.—The time will soon be here when farmers and others expect to make sale of personal property and will need attractive sale bills. We wish to call the attention of the public to our superior facilities to do nice and cheap work and do it on very short notice. We will also advertise such sales gratis in the JOURNAL, through its local columns. Do not fail to give us a call and get prices.

—The public school entertainment to be held in the town hall by the grammar department to-morrow (Friday) evening promises to be a success. The programme will consist of dialogues, recitations, declamations, vocal and instrumental music. The Millheim band will be on hand to render some of their selections. The entertainment will be free and will no doubt be well attended.

PRIVATE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned offers his home at Kreamersville, one half mile south of Rebersburg, for sale cheap. The property consists of a lot of ground with a good two-story frame dwelling house and all necessary outbuildings erected thereon. Running water close by and good bearing fruit trees on the premises. For terms apply to or address
G. P. GARRETT,
48-3t. Rebersburg, Pa.

—As a rule a good many people come to town on Christmas, provided the weather is fair. Christmas being on Sunday this year, Saturday will have to be chosen for a visit to town to do some holiday shopping and take in all the possible attractions to be had. And this reminds us, if you happen to be a subscriber of this paper and know yourself indebted to us drop into the JOURNAL office and gladden the heart of the printer by your remittance. You could not give us a more welcome Christmas gift.

WHAT ABOUT 1888?—This is an opportune question to ask yourself at this particular time. Every year should be a round in the upward course to success. Wherein has the closing year of 1887 been a failure, partial or comblete? Wherein can improvement be made in the coming new year? These are points to think about, and while the past can not be forgotten, it is quite useless to brood over what might have been; but it is all important to look ahead with firm resolutions to do better and make the most of opportunities which may present themselves during the next twelve months.

THE WEDDING BELLS.—Among the marriage notices in this week's issue will be found the announcement that J. Calvin Stover has taken unto himself a helpmate in the person of Miss Olevia Smith, of Clinton county. The groom is well-known to most of our readers, being the youngest son of Mr. Geo. W. Stover, of Penn township. He is a young gentleman with winsome manners and promises to become a devoted benedict as well as a kind provider. Having traveled over a considerable part of the globe his experience and natural intelligence will not fail to be of service to him in the struggle of life. With the happy bride we are not personally acquainted, but taking it for granted that Calvin made an excellent choice, we can but add our best congratulations.

—We urge those of our readers who may be in town on next Saturday to call around at the rink on Penn street where the Lutherans are holding a festival and where you can regale yourself on oysters, ice cream, chickens, roast beef, tea and coffee, cakes, and anything else that is good to eat, to your heart's content and at a nominal cost. The festival will be conducted in a novel style and you can spend an hour there very pleasantly.

A NEW FIRM.—The undersigned wish to inform the public that after January 1st, 1888, they will conduct the undertaking business, heretofore carried on by Harter & Luse, under the firm name of Harter & Campbell, and will keep on hand a full line of coffins, caskets, trimmings, shrouds, burial robes, &c. All calls to attend funerals responded to on short notice. Office at E. C. Campbell & Son's store on Main street, Millheim. Soliciting a share of the public patronage we remain Respectfully,
JONATHAN HARTER,
47-4t S. M. CAMPBELL.

—Christmas, the annually recurring season of peace and good will, when homes should be bright and hearts should be happy, is here and with it we offer our best wishes to all our readers. At the same time we ask you to excuse the non-appearance of the JOURNAL next week, as we wish to take our usual holiday vacation and give the typos a chance to rest from their grinding and uninterrupted labors of the past six months. The next issue will reach you in the first week of the New Year, and will, as heretofore, be full of the latest local and miscellaneous news. Thanking you for your past patronage and asking you to continue the same, we wish you all a merry Christmas!

ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S TREAT.—For several years past on Christmas morning the Journal Store has been the scene of lively scrambling and joyful excitement among the school children of this place, when Mr. Deininger had a treat ready for them in the shape of new and shining pennies. In the eyes of the happy little ones he was the veritable Santa Claus and it is but reasonable for them to make faint inquiry about this year's treat. But, we are sorry to say, for several weighty reasons, among them his impaired health, he will this year refrain from the customary presentation. It will be a sad disappointment to the little folks, unless some other liberal-minded citizen takes up the matter and follows the commendable example of the Journal Store man. There can certainly be no more gratifying inauguration of the happy holiday season than to gladden the hearts of the children with a small gift. We hope someone will view the question in the right light and conclude to assume the role of good Saint Nicholas.

A very sad case is recorded by the Lock Haven *Daily Democrat* of Monday last, relating to Mr. Ira Clair, of Flemington, naturally one of the finest and best dispositioned men, wao has latterly had the misfortune to lose his mind, as the result of epilepsy, a disease with which he has been afflicted for the past three years, and to cure which he has been doctoring with many doctors for a long time. Yesterday morning one of these fits seized him and he became uncontrollable, and in the attempt to subdue him he knocked his mother down and also one of the men who were sent for aide in the effort to get him quiet again. It is feared that the man's nose is broken from the blow he received. Clair was finally secured and tied so that he cpuld do no further damage. After a while he seemed to get better again, and the bonds were removed. But in the evensng he once more became violent, and as the safest plan he was brought to the jail here and incarcerated for safe keeping for the time being. The unfortunate young man is his mother's main support, and formerly clerked in the Empire store Flemington. He is about 35 or 33 years old and a brother of Constable Clair, of Mill Hall.

—The Centre County *Times*, published by Mr. Ulrich, the brother-in-law of E. Calvin Fisher, of Penn Hall, who accidentally killed himself while out gunning last week, reports the following particulars about this sad affair:

As stated before, he had gone on a several days' hunt, leaving Penn Hall Monday morning, in company with several others. All went well until reaching the neighborhood of Paddy Mountain tunnel, about thirteen miles from Penn Hall, Wednesday afternoon, where the accident happened.

He was shot while leaning on his rifle with his right hand resting on a log about two feet from the ground; the rifle was cocked, which, by some means was discharged, the ball passing through his hand and neck, lodging in his he d, causing instant death. The remains were brought home about two o'clock on Thursday morning.

The funeral of the deceased occurred on Saturday forenoon at 11 o'clock, and was very largely attended. Services were held in the Reformed church near Penn Hall by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, his pastor, and the house was crowded to its utmost. Calvin was universally liked and respected and his many friends were anxious to pay their last tribute to the dead.

—Tuesday's Bellefonte *Daily News* gives the following account of a clever trick played by a sharper on Pleasant Gap folks:

On Saturday of last week a man appeared at Pleasant Gap in this county, and made negotiations for what is known as the Macbride farm, which is owned by Mr. Zimmerman. The purchase price was $2500 and for it he gave a $500 check. This check was on the First National Bank, signed by John F. Lewis and in favor of Zimmerman. The fact of this purchase was noised abroad throughout the land and prepared the way for his future operations, which resulted in bringing in a small amount of cash.

On Sunday he saw Mr. Noll, proprietor of the store at that place. We are not sure whether he purchased anything at Mr. Noll's store or not, but he prevailed upon Mr. Noll to cash a $57 check for him. We have also heard that he gave a check at Haag's brewery, receiving $17 change. Chop was purchased at this place. The $57 check cashed by Mr. Noll was on the First National Bank, signed by George Geiger in favor of Lewis. Mr. Lewis (?) must have been very business like and cool as his actions did not seem to cause any suspicion. His actions on Monday morning were also calculated to put confidence in him. He took the early morning train on the Lemont road and went to Cherry Run. There he changed trains and returned as far as Bellefonte. Which direction he went after this is not known.

Of course, the checks when presented at the bank were found to be valueless. The fellow is described as a heavy set man, medium height, wearing a sack coat. Has a heavy black mous tache and is bald headed.

Communicated.

Having spent about two weeks with friends and relatives in Penns, Brush and Sugar Valleys, we can truly say that we found all those we met and with whom we stayed, very kind and hospitable and we enjoyed ourselves beyond expectations. It is thirty-seven years since we left old Centre and moved to Venango county, yet on our return to our native county it still seemed like home and many of the old land marks may yet be seen. And oh, how glad we were to meet an old friend from Freeport, Ill., who used to live among us in years past. His name is Samuel Dubbs. When he gets ready to return to his western home we wish him a successful journey and a happy meeting with his family. Nor must we forget our old and venerable friend Henry Royer, who is hale and hearty for a man who will soon be ninety-two years old and promises fair to see his one hundredth birthday. Time did not permit us to see all our friends and we ask those whom we could not visit to excuse us. But we will say to all to please except our thanks for their kindness shown us during our stay with them.
GEO. K. WEBER,
HENRY WEBER.

Local Correspondence.

SMITH TOWN.

A merry Christmas to all.

The sleighbells are sending forth their merry jingle.

Among the visitors to this place during the past week were H. O. Duck, Harvey Wert, Wm Bierly and wife, all of Brushvalley, and Maggie Swartz and Minnie Duck, of Millheim. Those who were away visiting are John Kimport's, who attented Rev. Sarvis' protracted meeting at Pleasant and speak very highly of it, John Hershberger who took a jaunt to Nittany Valley and Mr. and Mrs. Royer, who are sojourney ing with relatives in Sugar Valley.

W. C. Duck found a gum blanket which he will return to the owner as soon as he calls for it. JUMBO

COBURN.

Coburn had a wedding on Sunday evening last, the high contracting parties being Miss Olivia Smith and J. C. Stover.

A number took advantage of the first snow on Sunday by going out for a sleigh ride.

Everything around here seems to have closed down for the winter. The saw mill is being removed and building has stopped.

R. F. Whitmer, of Sunbury, was here last week superintending the getting out and loading of lumber. Wm. Whitmer & Son, of which firm Robert is a member are the heaviest shippers of Lumber on our road.

On Monday last 5000 pds. of dressed poultry were shipped from this station to the eastern markets for Christmas sales.

The entertainment by the Sunday school Saturday evening will consist of singing by the school, a few short addresses, a Christmas tree for the children and distribution of the gifts.

The talk now is of holding a singing convention here after New Year to be conducted by Prof. Meyer, of Linden Hall. All should feel an interest in this and help work it up as Prof. Meyer's reputation as an instructor is well known and it would be a benefit to the place.

A number of our citizens think of taking in the festival in Millheim on Saturday evening after the Sunday school entertainment is over.

One of our railroad men and a certain merchant seem to be in training for the prize ring from the way they knock one another around every time they meet.

They say Tommy likes to go to Bellefonte attending court and return home via Linden Hall.

They also say two of our prominent citizens will be married ere long.

And again they say turkeys are roosting big now.

Henry Whitmer says he would like the party who stole the belting away from the mill return it at once.

It is reported that Landlord Kleckner's family will leave here in the spring and the hotel has been rented by a Mr. Shaffer of Mill Hall. Sorry to lose "Old Joe," as he was a clever, whole-souled landlord.

It is said subscription lists are the order of the day among our citizens and it is a credit to say that our citizens are liberal as a general thing in subscribing to all worthy objects.

Christmas is rapidly approaching and we should all make it an object on this great anniversary day to make at least some one happy who through some misfortune may not be as well off as ourselves and it will help to make our pathway through life all the smoother. Hoping that in the past short year in trying to give the news from this section we have not offended any one, but that we have given the news in a straight forward manner as it actually occurred and in the coming year expecting to do better than in the past, we drop silently out of the year 1887 by wishing all the readers a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. VALE.

POE MILLS.

Treasurer D. H. Kulp and his counter hopper, Mr. Bible, from Shamokin, were here on Friday to furnish our boys with the wherewithal. It was a surprise to all that whitemetal day came earlier than usual. Pay day is generally on the first Tuesday after the third Saturday in each month. But we presume it was done on account of the merchants from Millheim and Laurelton. These gentlemen have more business here on pay night than the company itself. Just as soon as one of our men draws his money, along comes one of these fellows with a dun, shoves it under his nose and nearly upsets the poor lumberman. They have got more bras sthan a government mule. If they don't want to trust us poor devils long enough to count our money they shouldn't ask us to buy of them. Our people are getting tired of this uncivil way of doing business and will likely shut down on the thing.

John Slifer and one of his Johngarians are chopping down props in Pine Swamp, Fritz is a No. 1 chopper and a great talker, especially when he don't know what to say.

A party of eight hunters, from Coburn, were hunting in Pine Swamp on Wednesday. Daniel Eisenhuth wounded a deer west of the Swamp Poodle camp. The deer dropped but not hard enough to be captured. It got away and poor Dan was minus the game. Over the fence is out.

Patty Rhyne, from Junctionville, was up on Tuesday to see the Swamp Poodle boys and recite his tribulations with that infernal mule that knocked the stuffing out of his dinner.

Another party of hunters, from Greenbriar shot one of our Pine Swamp Mountain goats on Thursday. We have some more of them in the swamp which we will keep for next year.

Peter Waltzer and mother, of Millheim, were visiting at Eli Ritzman's last Friday and helped them to butcher on Saturday.

The Junctionville depot was crowded last Friday night waiting for a special train to take them down to Poe Mills city. As soon as the tickets were punched the train started. Engineer Brother Johnson gave the boys a pleasant ride. Coming home the boys took the Texas cow boy's free buss.

H. W. Bollinger's flitting from Millheim climbed up the gander steps over Poe Mountain on last Monday morning. He intends to be one of the swamp poodle boys.

Last Thursday two of Poe Mill's smarties were up to Pine Swamp and on their way stopped and ransacked our camp. They were very kind in making us a perfect image which is to resemble a fellow from Kallanzoo. Presume some of our readers will remember seeing the young lad at Coburn last Saturday a week ago. The Kallanzoo lad at that time would have made a good saloon sign. If there is any person within a hundred miles of our camp that has a notion of starting up in the saloon business, he would do well by giving us a call. We would dispose of the dummy sign cheap. About the other fellow we won't say much, he got the g. b. any ways at Klinefelter's which is a fearful strain on his mind. CALIFORNIA JACK.

AARONSBURG.

Blacksmith B. F. Weiser is on the sick list.

Miss Anna Maize, living at Thos. Harper's and William Guiswite, of Pine Creek, were married last Thursday evening, Rev. Yearick officiating. Young America was out doing up the wedding in good style.

C. W. Burd is selling fruit trees for the Smiths nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

C. C. Seebold, the White Sewing Machine man of Snyder county, paid a pleasant call to your correspondent. Charley was lately elected to take charge of the finances of Snyder county for the next three years. He is a good man and equal to the task.

J. W. Russel was up from Lewisburg last week. J. E. Lenker is home on a visit from Lemont. Mrs. Wm. Harter is visiting at Centre Hall and Miss Sue Lenker has gone to Lemont.

The young people are wishing for good sleighing during the holidays. We think from present indications their wish will be granted. *

SPRING MILLS.

Henry Krumrine is on she sick list at present.

Daniel Runkle has returned from his visit to Lock Haven.

A very interesting little child of John L. Grenoble died last Saturday morning and was buried on Monday.

A young son of Andrew——died last week. He had several teeth extracted a few weeks ago and his jaw became very sore. He was then attacked with diptheria which seemed to be incurable under the circumstances.

The funeral of Calvin Fisher was largely attended on last Saturday. He was a model young man and will be greatly missed in this community.

James M. Runkle and R. F. Fetterolf are home from College on a vacation.

J. W. Bartges, Esq., the boss painter in this section, has the contract to paint the interior of the New M. E. Church. No doubt he will make an excellent job as he handle, the brush in artistic style. *

REBERSBURG.

Ellis Gramley came near smashing one of his toes while unloading lumber the other day. A piece slipped out of his hands and accidentally hit the toe. There was some gnashing of teeth about that time.

John Harter killed a lot of very nice turkeys last Wednesday, ready to be shipped to the East.

Geo. Guiswite, while hauling lumber the other day, had a number of mishaps and George thought it was enough to try the patience of a Job. First his own wagon broke and when had borrowed another wagon and had drove a few miles the tire on one of the wheels broke.

A party of nearly a dozen men went over the mountain the other day to search for the bear which was reported to be prowling about. But their search proved fruitless. Bruin had gone.

Nathan Hauck lost a valuable horse the other day.

Benj. Roush and wife, of Madisonburg, spent a few days in this vicinity.

Verney Gramley went to Williamsport on a few week's visit to friends and relatives.

The boardwalk from this place to Kreamersville underwent some neccessary repairs last week.

We can state upon reliable authority that there will be two weddings in this town, shortly, one from town, the other east from here.

Jonathan Boyer and wife, from Zion, spent a few days in this neighborhood, visiting friends and relatives.

James Frank's horse took sick the other day, while he was on his way to Spring Mills with cream.

Della Wolf, of Kreamersville is at present down with a sore throat. *

Wide Awake, 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is a going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is.

The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer and more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888.

The wonder is that such a library and picture-gallery can be got together for $2.40 a year—a thousand pages and everything fresh and new—stories, histories, travels, biography, sketches, anecdote, adventure—and all instructive as well as entertaining. Two worlds are drawn from to make such provision for the education and pleasure of our children.

So high is the best of young people's literature nowadays that we are all of us glad to be young. Nine tenths of reading people prefer it to what is written for them; for it has the rare merit of being easy as well as good.

We know of no Christmas gift so sure of bringing a happy response in a reading family. Send $2.40 to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

MARRIED.

On the 18th isst., at the residence of the bride's parents, Millheim, by Rev. H. S. Basom, Mr. H. N. Fiedler, of Madisonburg, and Miss Ella R Swartz, of Millheim.

On the 22nd ult., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at Aaronsburg, Mr. Elias C. Zerby and Miss Annie M. Moyer, both of Penn township.

On the 15th inst., by the same, at the same place, Mr. Wm. A. Geiswite, of Coburn, and Miss Anna B. Maize, of Aaronsburg.

On the 18th inst., by the same, at the same place, Mr. J. Calvin Stover, of Coburn, and Miss Olevia C. Smith, of Rosecrants, Clinton Co., Pa.

DIED.

On the 11th inst., at Greenburr, Clinton Co., Pa., John Jacob Kehl, aged 71 years, 8 months and 29 days.

On the 20th, inst., at Rebersburg, by Rev. J. Dotterer, Mr. James Kling, of Clintondale, Clinton Co., to Miss Catherine J. Hazel, of Madisonburg.

Millheim Market.

Corected weekly by A. J. Campbell, Agt., Coburn, Pa.

GRAIN, &c.	
Red Wheat	83
White "	80
Rye	50
Barley, No. 1	50
" No. 2	40
Corn, old	45
Oats	28
Roller Flour	1.30
Common Flour	1.15
Salt, per barrel	1.40
" " sack	75

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye-weight and price.
Ground Plaster, $9.00 per ton.

COAL.	
Small stove	$5.40
Large "	5.40
Egg coal	5.25
Pea coal	5.40
Chestnut coal	5.25
Soft coal	3.00

(Special prices to lime burners.)

Now is the time of the year you buy nearly all your Boots & Shoes and why not buy them when you can save a little something. We are bound to sell you honest and reliable shoes for your money. We have a mighty stout handle to this determination and are determined to hold on to it and save the reputation we have made within a year in the business. Remember no person shall be disappointed in the quality of shoes bought at

J. H. MUSSER & SON'S STORE,

and lots of people already know this. Come and see our many different kinds of shoes. May cause you to be surprised at the quality and worse at the prices.

And now with heart heavy and sad, I would yet add, what I had wished might have been otherwise. I can not much longer stand with uplifted hand on one thin leg and admonish you, I am almost broke into one heap but shall continue to kick while life yet lasts about four or five weeks at the longest, I know, and with a few wild outbursts of sorrow and grief I shall be to you no more. Pathetic lamentation shall be to all: To those who have regarded my warnings, for my own dear self, and those who have not, realizing their sad mistake, but that it is forever and eternally too late.

MAN AT THE TELEPHONE.

WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

This is the question of the day, and is one that very many will have great difficulty in answering. To help you out of this difficulty I invite you to come to my store on Main street, where I display such a stock of

HOLIDAY * GOODS,

as well as staple articles, that you will have no trouble to find something suitable for a present for your friends. More than that

MY PRICES SUIT

the times and that in itself is a great inducement for the buyer.

My superb exhibit of

GLASSWARE,

is throughout one of goods that are specially appropriate for Holiday gifts—gifts that are at once useful, beautiful and seasonable. My

Jewelry Department

offers you a line of goods, that are pre-eminent in their fitness for Holiday Gifts.

Solid Rolled Plate Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Plated Ware and a choice assortment of fine Clocks.

At this season of the year, when everything is looked at from a Holiday stand paint, you must not lose sight of my overflowing

Confectionery Department,

which is the completest to be found anywhere.

Wishing you a joyous holiday season I would beg you to bear in mind that I desire very much to see you at my place of business during that time.

J. W. STOVER.

A NOVELTY IN SHOEMAKING!

—I MAKE—

LEATHER BOOTS with GUM SOLES & HEELS,

Declared by many to be the thing to get over hard and frozen snow and ice.

One pair of Gum Soles are worth two pair of Leather Soles.

All other Shoe Work promptly and neatly Done.

Will be at Musser's Shoe Store, Main Street, Millheim, every Saturday afternoon to take orders and measures.

—SHOP AT AARONSBURG, PA.—

C. G. BRIGHT.

MRS. L. C. BRUMGARD'S

FINE DISPLAY OF

FALL -:- AND -:- WINTER -:- MILLINERY

which she is receiving daily from the eastern cities reveals as much

Style, Novelty of Shape and Desirability of Color

as the largest millinery establishment in the big towns. Patrons of fashion pronounce her stock the most attractive ever brought to town. Daily arrivals of the Latest Modes and Shapes in

LADIES' FELT HATS & BONNETS.

Her reasonable prices alone make her New Hats popular.

Choice Feathers, Birds, Quills, Wings, Crowns, Pins, Ornaments and Buckles for Hat and Bonnet garnishments. Rich, Elegant and Seasonable Trimmings A SPECIALITY.

MAIN ST., MILLHE...

Miscellaneous News.

An Old Mortgage Turns Up.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., Dec. 15.—An old unsatisfied mortgage has been found which affects the title to about one-sixth of the estates of this place. The amount of the mortgage was originally $12,000. The sheriff has officially notified the land owners that he will sell the property December 30.

Will Be Tried in Lebanon County.

LEBANON, Pa., Dec. 15.—Counsel for William Showers, the old man who brutally murdered his two grandchildren some time ago, this afternoon filed his application for trial in some neighboring county, alleging that in Lebanon county public sentiment was so wrought up against Showers that his trial here could not be fairly conducted. The court denied the application and Showers will be tried here. He repudiates his former confession.

IN A CRITICAL CONDITION.

Mr. Powderly Is Taken with Another Hemorrhage Yesterday Afternoon.

SCRANTON, Pa., Dec. 15.—Powderly's condition to-night is regarded as critical by his physicians. He was seized with another hemorrhage this afternoon. It is now known that since his return to his home here he has slept very little and is very nervous and restless on that account, and is also very weak in consequence of the hemorrhages. He also complains of severe pains in his chest and abdomen. No one is allowed to see him except his wife and his physicians.

Millions of Chinese Homeless.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—The steamer City of Sydney arrived this evening from HongiKong and Yokohama. The Chinese give details of a disaster occasioned by the Yellow river overflowing its banks in the province of Honau, and describe it as one of the most appalling occurrences in loss of life and property recorded in recent times. The river broke its banks on the evening of September 28, southwards of the city of Chingchow, and not only completely inundated that city, but also ten other populous cities. The whole area is now a raging sea, ten to thirty feet deep, where it was once densely populated and a rich plane. The former bed of the Yellow river is now dry and the present like was the bed of the river centuries ago. The loss of life is incalculable, and a statement is made by missionaries that millions of Chinese are hopeless and starving.

HE EMBEZZLED THOUSANDS.

An Old and Trusted Bookkeeper Detected in His Peculations.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—Joseph Knight, the bookkeeper of the Manufacturers' National bank, was taken before United States Commissioner Edwards this afternoon charged with stealing from the funds of the bank between sixty and seventy thousand dollars. The officers of the bank discovered Knight's delinquencies several weeks ago and placed the case in the hands of the Pinkerton agency, and Knight was arrested a few days ago The matter was kept quiet until to-day. It is said that Knight had been appropriating to his own use the bank's money for nearly twenty-five years. He has been in the employ of the bank for nearly thirty-five years and has always been considered trustworthy.

Knight was committed to prison in default of $35,000 bail. The amount he is alleged to have abstracted is in round numbers $65,000. His peculations have been going on since 1864 President Maffey, of the Manufacturer's bank, testified that the money was taken by the prisoner directly from depositors. When a line was formed there were often people who were pressed for time. Knight would take their money, enter it correctly on the ledger, but would not report it to the teller.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Best of All the Year.

The December, or Christmas number, of *North's Philadelphia Musical Journal* is at hand, well stocked with useful and entertaining musical literature, and four choice musical numbers, viz: "Jean and Jeanette Gavotte," by Lange; "My Little Favorite Waltz," by M. Louis; 'Buds of Promises Galop,' by Webster; a song 'Good Night my Lover,' by Adam Geible. These compositions are alone worth more than the price of a year's subscription. The frontispiece is a true likeness of Miss Eleanor Warner Everett, the young vocal instructress who is known as the Marceesi of American. She has acquired an enviable reputation by her excellent singing in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. An interesting article relating some of her experiences while in Paris also given. Margaret B. Harvey contributes a Caristmas Story, 'A Princess in Disguise.' The 'Rechiteur' talks about the career of Jenny Lind,' and Clara Louise Kellogg gives some valuable hints to aspiring singers. In addition there is the Educational Department, Domestic and Foreign Musical News, the Art Department, Correspondence from Boston, New York, Pittsburg and other leading cities, reports of local concerts and a host of articles and anecdotes of value and interesting to music lovers. A long list of choice premiums is also offered to those who will obtain subscribers for the JOURNAL. Representatives are desired in every city and town. Send 10 cents for a specimen copy, or $1,00 for a year's subscription to the publishers of NORTH'S PHILADELPHIA MUSICAL JOURNAL. Every yearly subscriber is entitled to the worth of Music

Pleasant Dreams.

"It ain't everybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to that fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending his first night in B——at her house.

"This bear room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on, "My first husband died in that bed with his head on them very pillers, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that chair there in the corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a spiritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again after he died; and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."—*Puck.*

Gibberish and its Translation.

'Lemmeknow whenyergoin' wooncher?'

'Can you translate for me?' asks Mary B. Donge in Wide Awake, 'this gibberish.' It is not Greek. It is not Latin. Neither is it a sample of any known living language, but just a corruption of our own English tongue, which the children and too many of their elders are prone to encourage through heedlessness and haste.

The translation, 'Let me know when you are going, won't you?' is easy enough speaking—except, it may be, the 'won't you'—for all, at least, who appreciate the beauty of perfect enunciation.

'Won't you' may pass criticism in familiar colloquy, but this compressing of two words into one is never desirable.

'Will you not' is surely better.

'Ain't' of course is a vulgarism not to be thought of in connection with any man or woman of graceful culture, yet we sometimes meet people, who imagine themselves to be leaders, who use this expression for all the negatives of the verb it represents: "I ain't, thou ain't, he ain't, we ain't, you ain't, they ain't." Is it not absurd?

Dinah Speaks Out In Meeting.

While at service an old lady happened to sneeze, and, as nearly every eye was turned toward her immediately after she had sneezed, she felt very uncomfortable. When she arrived at home she said to Dinah, her colored maid-of-all-work, who had accompanied her to the meeting. 'Dinah, why didn't you take the blame of that sneeze on your shoulders? You should have made it appear as though it was you, not I, that sneezed.' At the next meeting the old lady sneezed again. The preacher paused in his discourse and there was a slight titter among the congregation, which increased to a roar as the simple minded but honest Dinah arose and remarked: "I takes de blame of dat sneeze dat my missus had just sneezed on my own shoulders."

1888

THE TIMES
PHILADELPHIA

CHEAPEST, BRIGHTEST, FRESHEST AND BEST.

The MOST COMPLETE NEWSPAPER Published in Philadelphia.

The Times is the most widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its readers are among the more intelligent, progressive and thrifty people of every faith. It is emphatically an **independent** newspaper—"Independent in everything; neutral in nothing." Its discussion of public men and public measures is always fearless and in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

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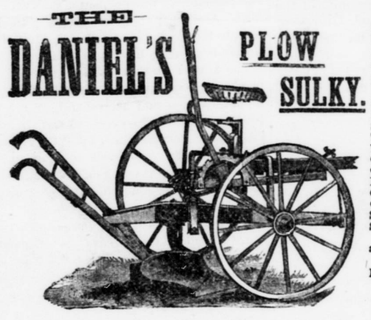

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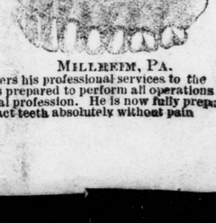

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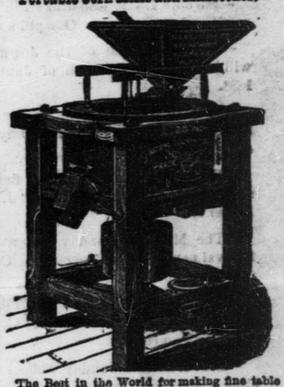

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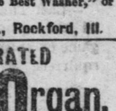

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We want A1 resident salesmen in all U. S. and cities throughout the U.S. Our line consists of SPECIAL STAPLE and IMPORTED GOODS used by the GROCERY or GENERAL STORES. We will send complete line of samples; among which are Baking Powder, Bitters, Blacking (French), Bluing, Canned Goods, Chocolate, Oat Meal, Relishes, Sauces (in fancy boxes, our own importation), Olives, Fancy Shelf Goods, King Silica Polishes and Paints, &c., &c. Samples consist of principal small articles; price list of bulk goods. New goods constantly arriving; samples of which are at once sent. List of commissions varying to salesmen. Our terms are Net Cash on all bills under $25.00—30 days over. We will send on receipts of Two Dollars, samples, list, &c., same to be refunded on receipt of salesman's first order or orders of $25.00, thereby furnishing SAMPLES FREE. A1 references required, and in some cases security. YOU KNOW a good salable line of manufacturers' prices, with A1 specialties, are superior to any line sold. We guarantee prices and quality of all our goods. Should your trade, after a trial, warrant it, we will pay salary and expenses. Write us, and if we have no one for your section, we will send samples, if we have your deposit will be returned by return mail. First-class men only need apply. No agents or canvassers wanted; and our commissions are such that A1 men can make a steady good income the year round.

GRIFFITH, TUTHILL & CO.
Brokers and Commission Merchants,
110 Reade St., New York.